

from the ground it is seventeen feet in girth. It is sixty feet in height, and the extremity of its boughs is a line of one hundred and eighteen feet. It is in this last particular that its great attraction consists. It is in the full pride of its foliage, it strikes the spectator with sensations similar to those inspired by the magnificent Banyan trees of the East. Its boughs bending to the earth, with almost artificial regularity of equidistance from each other, give it the appearance of a gigantic tent; with verdant draperies, draughts of air admit the refreshing breezes that curl the myriads of leaves, which form all together, what may be called a mass of vegetable beauty and grandeur, scarcely to be equalled by any other production of the same kind. If, however, in the full pride of summer, this tree presents so refreshing a spectacle of foliage, coolness, and amplitude of shade, it affords a still more singular and striking one in the invigorating shade of an autumnal morning; when its thousand boughs, and every pendent twig, are gemmed with crystals, and the rays which no longer scorch, and dazzle only to please. The following lines, inspired by contemplation under this aspect, and written beneath the branches thus clothed in icicles, whose brief glories were melting away before an ascending sun, will not, it is presumed, be unacceptable to the lover of fanciful and harmonious numbers.

WHERE now my spirit lapp'd in dreaming mood,
I verily might think, majestic tree!
That I (for Kate is near) in company
Of some most fair and beautiful Naiad stood
In her own temple, 'neath the fountain flood;
In her own temple, roof'd all gorgeously
With gem and chrysolite—or, I might be
Embower'd with Fairy-queen in magic wood,

The small leaves raining down a silver light,
About our couch—or, under ceiling bright,
Starr'd with the twinklings of ten thousand eyes
Such as illumine the Houris' paradise;
Or else—but ah! so wondrous fair the sight,
That fancy in the unfinished effort dies!

PLATE XII.—THE FREDVILLE OAK, BEAUTY.

This is one of the three Oaks belonging to John Plumptre, Esq., described in the fourth page of the volume wherein the dimensions of it are also given. It is distinguished by the name of Beauty, from its sisters, Grace and Stately. "Is it not a pity," says Sir Edward Harley, speaking of some ancient trees of his own, "that goodly creatures should be devoted to Vulean?" No such fate, however, attends this graceful trio; the pleasure with which the spectator views their different characteristics, is heightened by a sense that they remain protected and cherished, equally in their decay, as in their prime.

PLATE XIII.—THE CHESNUT TREE CALLED THE FOUR SISTERS.

The Chesnut is indigenous to England, and will thrive in almost any soil, and any situation. In its utility of usefulness its timber equals, and in some respects exceeds, that of the Oak. Its luxuriance of foliage and feathered stems, render it conspicuous among all other trees for beauty; and its fruit might, by proper management, be made a valuable article of food, in this country, as it is in France and Italy, where it is subjected to a variety of culinary processes, that convert it into delicacies for the tables of the luxurious, and into bread for the humbler classes.

The Chesnut sometimes grows to a prodigious size. Evelyn speaks of one in Gloucestershire which contained "within the bowels of it, a pretty wainscoted room, enlightened with windows, and furnished with seats," &c.; but the largest known in the world is upon Mount Etna, in Sicily. This tree, which goes by the name of *Castagno de Cento Cavalli*, is described by Brydone, who went to see it, through five or six miles of impassable forests which grew out of the lava, as having the appearance of five large trees growing together. Upon a more accurate examination, strengthened by the assurances of scientific persons, he became inclined to believe that they had been formerly united in one solid stem, and on measuring the hollow space within, he found it two hundred and four feet round: Carra's assertion that there was wood enough in that one trunk to build a large palace, can, therefore, scarcely be regarded as an exaggeration.